

Good Morning

S94

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Something Cosy for A.B. Roland Harris

SITTING by the window at 18, Commercial Street, Senghenydd, Glam., her grey hair tinged by the winter sunlight, Mrs. Harris was knitting. She was making tea-cosies for Christmas presents. "You can tell my son Roland," she said, "I am keeping one for his bottom drawer." As her nimble fingers plied the needles, she took an occasional glance through the window.

"I hope one day to see my son coming along the street. What a day that will be!" Well A.B. Roland Harris, you have a very charming mother and a tea-cosy waiting for you when you come home. But we almost forgot, you have a young lady, too.

Jessie has passed a very stiff exam. and is doing well at her work; both she and your Mother have received your cables and are relieved to hear that you are well.

Rita and Lesley, the evacuees, left for their home at Birmingham recently. Ronny has expressed a hope that you will "slam" a good victory, and we hope you won't let him down.

Mrs. Harris heard from Dai at Deal. He says they are having a quiet time there now, and who is he to complain about that? By the way you will be pleased to hear that Ken has been posted to

Brecon, so now he will be able to get home occasionally.

We hope you like the picture of your Mother. She wasn't too keen to have a photograph taken until she heard you'd see a reproduction in "Good Morning"—then she gave in without a struggle!

★
Stoker Norman Donaldson, of Truculent, can afford to laugh—he's just married—(lucky fellow)—Miss Jennie Taylor, of Stavondale St. Dawson, a village near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and best pal Jack Worth smiles his approval.
★

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

STOKER NORMAN DONALDSON advised me he was getting hitched when "Truculent" got around to these parts, so we sent Reporter Houghton, our Newcastle correspondent, up to get a gander so we could tell the tale.

These are his words:—

He was marrying Miss Jennie Taylor, of Stavondale St. Dawson, a nearby village, who is a food supervisor at a local pithead.

Well, we found that Stoker Norman wasn't a "truculent" man, in the dictionary sense of the word, because he was hard at work with the iron doing a bit of homework before the wedding. He is indeed a most handy man about the house.

It was arranged that six pals of the ship should come along, but their leave was cancelled, and only his best pal, Jack Worth, managed to be at St. Mary Magdalene Church to see him take the plunge into matrimony.

Well, you lads of the "Truculent," this is how the wedding went. After the ceremony the local kiddies had a scramble for pennies outside the church when the Stoker rained down a handful of coppers. It's a cus-

tom in the North-East, and at the door of his home he picked the bride up in his arms and carried her over the threshold. They soon got under way for their honeymoon at Blackpool. Our snoop didn't go to Blackpool so, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson every good wish on behalf of "Good Morning" staff, I'll leave you to figure things for yourselves.

LONDON dailies give me yet another column; this time I quote the News Chronicle:

In another "snap" surface attack off the Norwegian coast in which the only four torpedoes fired all hit their targets, H.M. Submarine Sceptre has sunk two more enemy supply ships. The announcement comes just eight days after it was reported that the submarine had destroyed two ships off Norway.

In an outstanding series of successes achieved on recent patrols, the Sceptre has sunk seven large supply ships and damaged many others.

The new attack was the latest exploit of the Commanding officer, 25-year-old Lt. I. S. McIntosh, R.N., of Adelaide, S. Australia, who began his out-

standing war career when, as a sub-lieutenant, he took charge of a lifeboat containing 82 persons and navigated it safely 1,300 miles across the Atlantic to the coast of Brazil to win the M.B.E.

Then Lt. McIntosh was on his way to join his first operational submarine and the merchant ship in which he was a passenger was sunk.

Lt. McIntosh found his lifeboat damaged but, by leaning over the gunwale, with his head and shoulders under water, he managed to fill three holes by stuffing them with pieces of blanket and then nailing pieces of tin over them.

After 22 days of ordeal, during which 44 passengers died, he brought the lifeboat to safety on the island of Curupu.

Lt. McIntosh served in the "double V.C." submarine, the Thrasher, and was awarded the D.S.C. for his "bravery and skill," and more recently he was awarded the D.S.O. "for undaunted courage, skill and devotion to duty" in the Sceptre.

The successes of "H.M.S. Stay-at-Home" have been by no means easy. She has patrolled



Crossing the threshold to a new life—an old custom and a pleasant one.

northern waters in the wildest winter gales.

Describing the Sceptre's latest success, Lt. McIntosh said, "It was a very dark night when we sighted the convoy. There were three ships and three escorts. We went in to carry out a 'snap' attack and got torpedo hits on each of the two leading ships.

"The first ship went up in really big style. The second ship which was hit by two torpedoes burst into flames and then suddenly disappeared.

On her previous patrol the Sceptre sank two supply ships in an escorted convoy when, according to Lt. H. C. Parker, of Bournemouth, the first Lieutenant they had an exciting chase for nearly two hours before they were in a position to fire.

"One of the targets," he says, "went up in a magnificent column of saffron and orange flame, with showers of sparks accompanied by explosions. Both targets disappeared in less than five minutes. A vigorous counter-attack was rendered particularly enjoyable by the fact that we were able to watch it, still on the surface, from a safe distance."

During another attack on three supply ships, which were screened by four escort vessels, the Sceptre was detected and forced to go deep while firing her torpedoes, but she sank the largest of the three targets—a vessel of 8,000 tons—and damaged the other two.

At last it seems that you are becoming front page, boys—the R.A.F. will be dripping soon.

Miss Una Walker writes from 5, Regents Park Terrace, London, N.W.1., Richard Foley, to say that she hasn't heard from you recently. Naturally we can't pass on any information to anyone, however insignificant the enquiry might be, so I told her we would let you know she has changed her address.

Fair enough?

Ron Richards

CHICKEN WIRE QUIZ

With the Dutch East Indies the Japs took the World's output of vital Quinine—so the Allies produced it from a test tube, writes T. S. DOUGLAS

EXPERTS have estimated that in any normal year two out of every five people in the world get an attack of malaria and that 3,000,000 die from this dread disease. The answer to malaria is quinine, both for warding off attacks and for curing them.

When the Japanese invaded the Dutch East Indies they took away from the Allies very much more than a few thousand square miles of land. Just as in Malaya they struck at the Allied war machine by taking their chief rubber sources, so in the N.E.I. they struck by taking the only important source of quinine.

And white men cannot fight in the tropics without quinine. Fortunately, the Allies had certain stocks, and by giving the Services priority and using certain substitutes such as atabrine and plasmochin, they were able to contemplate the possibility of being able to get little new quinine until 1946-7, when the 2,000,000 seeds smuggled out from under the noses of the Japs might be expected to have grown into bushes that would yield the priceless cinchona bark.

But this sudden loss of the supplies of natural quinine stimulated interest once more in the possibility of synthetic quinine, of building up the drug in the laboratory from the molecules of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen of which it is composed. Water and air contain the "raw material" of quinine.

Yet the problem of how to build up the 48 atoms of these common elements into the complex quinine molecule had

baffled synthetic chemists for close on a century.

The urge to make synthetic quinine had long existed. Quinine for malaria treatment had always been too expensive for many sufferers, the poorest people on earth. In any case, to have supplied the needs of all would have required plantations of immense size. Synthetic quinine, being turned out in unlimited quantities, was the obvious answer.

Scientists had for many years known exactly what they had to do, but while they synthesised one complex substance after another, the peculiar construction of quinine baffled them.

One of the first men to try was William Perkins nearly ninety years ago. He was little more than a schoolboy, and he failed. But he discovered that it was not simply a matter of getting the requisite number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen atoms to join together—they had to be joined in a certain way.

Perkins was stimulated by a malaria epidemic then raging. He failed to produce the drug, but his experiments led him by accident to the synthetic dyes which were virtually the foundation of modern "chicken

wire" chemistry—so called because the "models" of the arrangements of atoms within the molecule look very like a bit of chicken wire.

A few months ago, two young American chemists, not yet in their thirties, after more than a year's intense work, succeeded where chemists had all failed for years. They produced synthetic quinine, identical in chemical structure with the natural product, starting with taluol and acetylene, a coal-tar derivative, and a gas, both plentifully available.

It is one of the most spectacular achievements in the history of synthetic chemistry, and the results may be far-reaching, especially as they did the work for a commercial undertaking which is not itself interested in exploiting the process, but is anxious only that it should be used in the public interest.

It proposes to give licences to all and any suitable manufacturers and to use the profits on these licences for further research.

To explain how these two young men Robert W. Woodward and William E. Doering, built up the complex quinine molecule would be tedious and require considerable knowledge of synthetic chemistry. The

process is complex, and it will probably have to be simplified and improved before the laboratory experiment can be economically repeated on a large scale in factories.

But this almost certainly is only a matter of time. Then we may expect quinine to be produced in quantities and at a price which will make it possible for it to be available for every malaria sufferer.

Hardly less important than the production of quinine has been the production of a chemical called quinidine during an intermediate process. For some time the only way in which quinidine could be produced was laboriously from natural quinine. It was rare, and it was expensive—and yet it was virtually life or death for sufferers from certain heart diseases. Now the prospects are that it will be produced in adequate quantities and no sufferer from the particular heart diseases who could be benefited will have to go without.

The two young men who produced this brilliant piece of work in a little over a year had not previously attained any fame outside their immediate circle, where they were known as chemists so enthusiastic that it was difficult to tear them away from the laboratory.

Woodward was a typical hard-working American student, working his way through college to pay the fees. He showed very early brilliance and was a Ph.D. at 20.

Doering was a young man at Harvard working for his Ph.D. when Woodward picked him out to partner him in this piece of research.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Pavements' End

MARSON MARTIN'S COUNTRY CALENDAR

THERE'S no question about the mill not being used; but that's not the same thing as saying that it's unoccupied, as you will learn.

The water-wheel has long since collapsed in the mill race and has been carted away by enterprising children for firewood. The great stones that ground the grain and set the whole place throbbing have gone; but it is unlikely that they were removed by any children, however enterprising. The stream itself, which gave the mill its life, is silted up until little above a trickle drops through the rotting sluices.

Now this air of decay, which would doubtless shock a member of any one of the numberless Efficiency Committees that have sprung up like toadstools across this fair land of ours, was precisely the feature which appealed most strongly to one, at least, of the present occupiers.

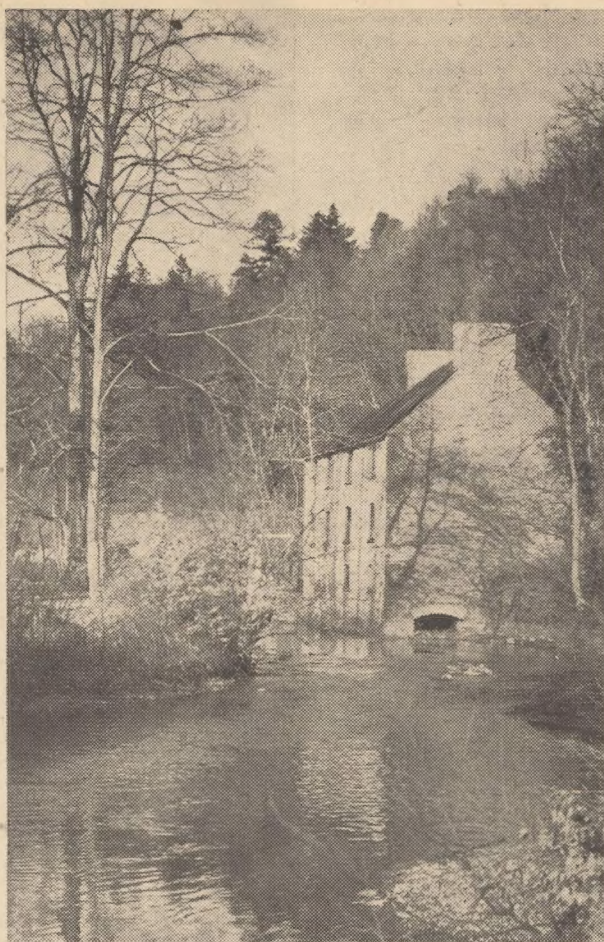
The Snapper, for such is the only name by which he is ever referred to, is no lover of efficiency. If he can be said to be a lover of anything, then he is a lover of lying in the sun. This activity, along with a desultory interest in forcing seakale during its short annual season, and a passion for picking up paper with a specially spiked stick, is about all The Snapper does. And, of course, reading the "Statist," "Economist," and occasionally the "Investor's Chronicle," great piles of which flank the tumbled heap of Army blankets that are his bed. The Snapper, you will have guessed, is not the

type generally found "sleeping rough." Rumour has it that before the last war he held an important position in one of the great German banking houses. But that is as may be.

Early this summer The Snapper got a neighbour. A new face began to be seen around the village. A face that in the small areas not covered by curling black beard was seen to be a stranger to soap and water. Soon the news spread that our visitor had built himself a diddy-o among the hazel saplings that grew thickly on either side of the mill stream. Casually undertaken voyages of discovery quickly proved rumour to be right. Almost in the front garden of the man who "slept rough" from choice stood the establishment of the newcomer, who slept that way solely because he had no choice!

Here was a piquant situation to be savoured lovingly by the village connoisseurs. What would The Snapper do? He was hardly in the position to complain officially that the amenities of his demesne were being jeopardised. He was not reckoned the type of man likely to deal with the intrusion with his own strong right arm. Oh, certainly this was the best thing that had happened in the village since the celebrated row over the closing of the right of way to the back door of the "Horseshoes"!

Right through the summer and early autumn the village watched and waited. The in-



truder got work with the local farmers, but this increase in his fortunes did not encourage him to change his residence or his habits—he stuck to his diddy-o and he continued to avoid any close contact with water. Last Sunday the news broke.

An early wanderer reported that the diddy-o had gone. But where was the occupier? Had he moved on again? No. He had taken up his winter quarters in the mill. The Snapper and he had ceased to be neighbours. They had become room-mates.

TIME TROUBLE

DEREK RICHARDS advises on Photographic Exposure Meters

IN a recent article it was pointed out that correct exposure depends on a number of variable factors. This being the case, the beginner will realise that some kind of aid in estimating exposure is advisable, if not essential.

The fact that photographers with years of experience in picture-making still use such accessories should convince the less-experienced of the value of the exposure meter.

To enable you to choose the instrument best suited to your requirements and your pocket, each type of meter will be discussed in some detail.

The most simple type is not, strictly speaking, a meter. It is merely a slide rule, often circular, on which are set all the factors which affect exposure. The settings are those mentioned previously, i.e., (i) light value (measured by time of year, time of day, and cloud amount in outdoor work), (ii) type of subject, (iii) speed of film, (iv) number of lens setting. The calculator will give you the approximate shutter setting.

It is not proposed to do more than mention the actinometer type of exposure meter, for though there are many still on the market, they are being replaced by the more modern photo-electric extinction types.

They rely on the darkening of a piece of sensitive paper when exposed to the light of the subject. The time which it takes for the paper to darken to a standard density is used to set against the lens stop and film speed.

Actinometers can be used successfully with little experience, but do not take into ac-

count the colour sensitivity of the film.

The extinction or visual meters are aids to the eye in measuring the intensity of the light. They usually consist of a series of letters of graduated density on an opaque background. The ability of the eye to distinguish figures from background depends on the intensity of the light which illuminates the figures. On this principle, the dimmest figure discernible is usually used to set the scale for calculating the exposure time.

Many photographers swear by this type of meter, whilst others swear at them. They are efficient, beyond a doubt, if you do two things. First, stick to one meter and get accustomed to it. Secondly, allow for human error in that your eye adjusts itself to changes in light by accustoming yourself to the light in which the picture is to be taken before peering through the meter.

The cost of an extinction meter is not great, though five to fifty shillings are extremes of what you might pay.

The most popular, most efficient, and unfortunately the most expensive, exposure meters to-day operate from a self-generating photo-electric cell. From the practical point of view, a small box, resembling an ammeter in appearance, is pointed at the subject. The lens aperture and film speed having been set on the dial, a pointer will indicate the required shutter setting.

This is all very simple and extremely accurate if used with a little forethought.

The angle of view of these meters being quite large, we must take into account the fact that many scenes—landscapes, for example—are split into two very different exposure requirements. For this reason it is advisable with many meters to exclude part of the sky by tilting the camera downwards.

Most meters have their own peculiarities, but they are dealt with quite fully by the makers' instructions.

With the wide latitude afforded by modern plates and films, the amateur should find no difficulty in getting one hundred per cent. successes from the exposure point of view, if he uses any one of these types of exposure meters.

A final word on exposure. Always beware of under-exposing. Ninety per cent. of the amateur's negatives spoiled by incorrect exposure have received too little rather than too much light, so if in doubt give a little extra; unless it is many times too much, you will find that the excellence of present-day materials will cover up all signs of your error.

ALEX CRACK

A detective in a West End shop pointed out a woman customer to his friend.

"Do you see that woman?" he asked.

"Yes," replied his friend.

"Well, she's suffering from kleptomania," the detective confided.

"Gracious! Why doesn't she take something for it?"

"She will in a minute," said the detective.

Up in the air a Squadron of Dakotas was practising dropping Containers. Red, white and blue chutes floated down.

We clambered back. Soon we were back on the main road. The test was over.

A large sign asked, "Do you look your best?" Looking at the amount of mud on Caroline, I couldn't say we did.

Mac's grimy face grinned at mine, equally grimy. "Gee, this is a lot of fun," he said. Caroline purred contentedly.

They're happy together . . .

In the Cold

By FRED KITCHEN

BESS doesn't look very happy these days. She sits watching the closed door of the barn or takes a walk round the yard looking quite disconsolate.

Why? Because lambing time is here again, and Bess is not allowed inside the lambing-pen.

"A most ridiculous idea," she thinks, as she sits watching the little door—which fits into the big door of the stone barn—for Shep's re-appearance.

"After all I've done for him," she seems to say, "to be treated like this. As though I should hurt the silly old ewes—why, I've had babies of my own to look after. But there, it's the same every year. I can help in the muddy turnip-field, or round-up the sheep on the pastures, but when it comes to these lambing affairs, Shep thinks I'm in the way."

Bess gazes wistfully at the little door, behind which Shep is attending to newly born lambs, who, along with their mothers, occupy their separate cubicles inside the barn.

She wouldn't mind waiting if only she could "look on" at whatever Shep was doing, but to be left out altogether is really too much for Bess. She pricks up her ears at a sound from within. A finger is

poked through the hole under the latch, and Shep steps outside.

"Hello, lass, tired o' waitin'?" he asks, and Bess wags her tail, as though signifying, "Not in the least, Shep; I quite enjoy being left out in the cold!"

She follows at Shep's heels to the home-croft, where the ewes yet to lamb are turned out during the daytime.

He looks around the field, and under the orchard hedge sees a ewe which has just given birth to a pair of lambs.

Bess is told to "lie down," for some reason—which she thinks perfectly stupid. Bess must not go near a ewe under these difficult circumstances.

Shep picks up the lambs by the forelegs, and, carrying one in each hand, walks away.

The ewe rises and follows, smelling and licking her offspring, until, sheep-like, she turns and runs back to the place where they were born, smelling the ground and "baa-ing" in distress.

Shep makes a noise in imitation of a lamb, which, though not very lamb-like, causes the mother to look up.

He repeats the deception, and the ewe comes running across, fussing around her lambs and following closely after, until, by easy stages, Shep has the family safely housed in the stone barn.

Meanwhile, Bess had taken upon herself to down the flock of ewes which are folded in an empty bay of the Dutch barn during the night-time.

Very slowly and carefully she headed them through the gateway into the stackyard, then trotted on in front to turn them under the barn, where Shep found them safe and secure when he returned a few minutes later.

"That's saved me a second journey," he said. "They've come on their own!"

PETER VINCENT PUTS CAROLINE THRO' HER PACES

"CAROLINE" was a very patriotic girl, and a pretty tough baby. She'd got a fighting record as long as your arm and a sweet reputation for never getting hurt: that was until a certain D-plus-day in Normandy, when Caroline ran into a spot of trouble.

Since then she's been in England for a rest. Now, after a period in hospital, she's been tested and pronounced fit again. Here's what it's like testing Caroline—a beautiful 30-ton hunk of tank.

WE had left the Depot, headquarters of an Armoured Division, and were going through the village. There were three of us inside—the Commander, the mechanic and myself. The Commander was standing in the gun-turret, directing the driver through the inter-com.

I kept popping out of the forward turret like a Gopher—standing to see what went on (there are some very pretty girls in this village), and sitting to write notes.

The driver sat on my right in front of the dash-board, steering with two levers which braked either left or right track.

Going through a village on Caroline is different from driving through in a car mainly in one way—there are no traffic problems. A 5-ton lorry saw us coming and politely backed into a side street. I don't blame the driver.

Soon we were in the country and speeded up to 25 m.p.h. Two fast Recce cars shot past at about 60, their aerials whipping in the crisp winter air.

We arrived at the testing fields. A sign tied to a tree said, "Are you loaded?" What did they mean by that?

The Commander got down, and shell cases on the left. You can't sit up straight except on the floor. One of the three wireless sets wasn't working properly. I asked Mac why it was so important to repair one wireless set when we had three.

"Well, they all do different jobs," he said. "If one of them broke down in a fight, this baby'd be all body and no brains—which is no good for a tank," he added.

The noise takes some getting used to. I asked the Comm. how he stood it without going off his nut. He said it sorta grew on you. "You'd be surprised what a friendly sound your own engines make in a battle," he said.

"And what's it like if you get hit?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "you try to get out, and quick."

"And what if you can't," I asked. He looked at me in a sad sort of way.

"Have you ever seen an egg that's been cooked too long?" he asked. I let it go at that.

A platoon of U.S. Infantry passed, carrying Walky-Talky sets. One of them pointed at Caroline and said, "I'm gonna get me one of those and give my dogs a feel lousy, but think of the tank!"

Nearby, a couple of Point 30 M.G.s started chattering away. In the distance we could hear 75 m.m.s. being tested.

Our own "75" swung round, pointing backwards, so Mac could get to the driving seat. With the gun pointing forward, the turret is sealed off, and there's only one exit—through the roof. Mac said, "It's working now."

This time I got into the gun turret. In there, it's on the cramped side—painted white so as to give more light. The "75" again. He was ashamed that it had been in trouble. He was very fond of Caroline.

We accelerated into the field and started racing around the place on all gears, over bumps, ditches, craters and logs. With the Comm. standing in the hatch, I couldn't see outside except through a small peephole next to the machine gun. Every time I did this, the machine gun hit me in the face.

Then there's the feeling of Claustrophobia. I kept remembering those 145 gallons beneath us and the only exit—blocked. Caroline kept at it for about half-an-hour. Then she started racing down a hill. A wall came towards us pretty fast but she stopped just in front of it. The Comm. got up. I was out after him in a second. We were miles from our starting point, and next to a farm. The farmer's wife got us some tea. It tasted swell.

Another sign said: "You may feel lousy, but think of the tank!" I asked the Comm. if he didn't think the turret was a bit small to hold one man, the "75" and all that equipment. "Small!" he said, "in action, that turret holds a crew of three!" Well, I'd hate to make a fourth.

Another tank, with the black and red Divisional markings painted on its turret, came up. The driver grinned at Mac. "How goes it, Mac?" he yelled.

"Can't say, Doc," replied Mac, "but Caroline's O.K. mine, equally grimy." He was ashamed that it had been in trouble. He was very fond of Caroline.

Mac's grimy face grinned at mine, equally grimy. "Gee, this is a lot of fun," he said. Caroline purred contentedly.

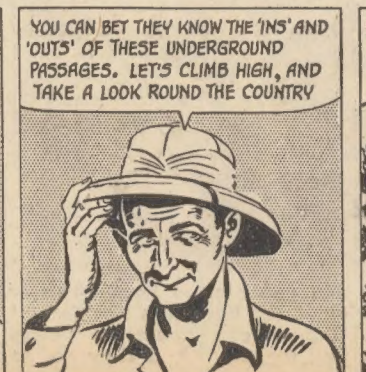
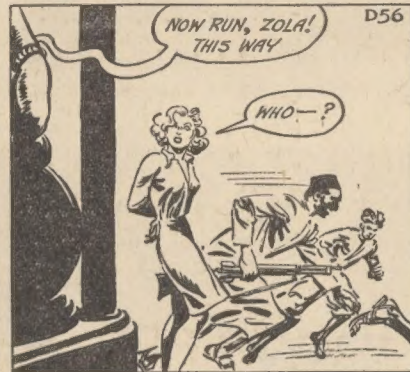
They're happy together . . .

P.M. OWES BARBER 5s.

IN a Pretoria barber's shop an old hairdresser has several times asked General Smuts, when he next visits London, to ask Mr. Churchill for five shillings which he claims Mr. Churchill owes him.

The debt to which he refers dates back to the Boer War, when Mr. Churchill was a prisoner in Pretoria and owed the barber's brother money for haircuts.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE value of philately as occupational therapy, to which I referred recently, is endorsed by the action of the Philatelic Section of the Red Cross and St. John Fund in starting a scheme to provide the sick and wounded with stamps and encouraging them to take an interest in the hobby.

The lack of any definite interest in life during a long stay in hospital, says the Red Cross, not only adds to the sufferings of sick or wounded men of the Forces, but is a real handicap to full and speedy recovery.

On the other hand, doctors and nurses are unanimous that the moment when a very sick or badly wounded man begins to "take interest" usually marks the turning point on the road to health.

More than £60,000 has already been raised by the sale of stamps donated to the Fund by the stamp-collecting public, but now the appeal is for stamps in undamaged condition, though not necessarily of any value, to form collections for the patients. Albums, catalogues, books, hinges and accessories are also needed.

What particularly pleases me is an extension of the scheme which proposes to train a limited number of candidates from among the more seriously disabled men for suitable remunerative work in the stamp trade.

After the war, when the Continental market is let loose, the trade will be able to employ a large number of extra assistants to deal with sales, filing, and so forth.

As a follow-on to this appeal for the "unhealthy," the "Stamp Magazine" puts in a word for the "healthy," which I quote here:—

"Some reconsideration . . . is urgently necessary to the application still given to the regulation which apparently precludes even members of H.M. Forces from carrying on their collecting."

It should not be necessary for dealers to have to fill up forms and obtain permission from the British

Philatelic Association before they can fulfil orders sent by members of the Forces and who are communicated with through official addresses.

"In our opinion, it is high time that such a rule be regarded as obsolete, and honoured rather in the breach than in the observance."

Quite. But when war-time regulations have outstayed their usefulness they are better abolished than defied.

Poland is issuing a stamp to commemorate the Warsaw rising.

Face value will be 1 zloty, with an additional 2zl. to be devoted to the fund for survivors of the rising. The issue is limited to 100,000. By the way, the Monte Cassino commemoratives which I tipped for investment when they first came on the market last year at a retail price of 3s. 6d. a set, now fetch £1 a set, and are still rising.

The latest arrival from Mexico is a 12c. brown-violet stamp in miniature format, showing a figure of Liberty advancing with drawn sword in one hand and torch upheld in the other, surrounded by stars representing the Pan-American Republics. The Spanish inscription reads: "America Defends Her Liberty."

This week I am reproducing four Russian stamps just arrived in this country. They commemorate "the Heroic Defence of Leningrad, Stalingrad, Odessa and Sebastopol."

Good Morning

PANTOMIME



These pictures were taken at "Goody Two Shoes," this year's popular panto at the London Coliseum. With a swirl of skirts the chorus fills the vast stage in a spirited dance. Look carefully, for you'll see these girls again. That little dark-haired pixie in the front row, isn't she another Jessie Mathews in the making? And there's a Flo Desmond of the future—look, the second from the left!

As English as the pub on the corner, as unchanging as a mother-in-law joke, Panto is a part of the English scene. Everybody who's anybody on the English stage plays Pantomime. Star comedians don riotously-striped drawers and play Dame. Leading ladies hitch up their tights and swagger around as Principal Boys. Every year Panto beckons to "the little boy that wouldn't grow up" that's in all of us—and we have to follow.



Here are some of the children who plague the life out of the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe. But, if we remember our nursery rhyme aright, she'll give them plenty to remember when she puts them to bed!



he kiddies favourite is the cat, played this year by a man of 65. Richard Hearne, as the Dame, gives him his ration of National Household Milk.



The poor old Dame has her furniture sold up for debt. When Fred Emney, as the Mayor, conducts the auction you can sit right back and prepare for laughs. "The next lot—Lot No. 9—is an essential piece of bedroom furniture"—can't you hear him saying it?



And here's the pantomime horse—the animal whose front legs never know what the back legs are doing! When Naughton and Gold are around you can expect the "kicks in the pants" to come fast and furious. And they do, brother, they do.



She's the swaggeringest, thigh-slappingest Principal Boy you've ever see Pat Kirkwood's got what the panto takes—the voice and the legs.